



T H E
Bonny Broom.

HOW blythe was I each morn to see,
My swain come over the hill,
He leap'd the brook and flew to me,
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay,
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
Where oft was my repose,
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.
He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds sat listening by,
The fleet sheep stood still and gaz'd,
And charm'd with his melody.
While thus we spent our times by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.
He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
Could I but faithful be;
He stole my heart, could I refuse,
'Whate'er he ask'd of me.
Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

T H E A N S W E R.

WHAT woeful sighs are these I hear
My love's in discontent;
Am I the cause of all thy care,
Why dost thou thus lament.
Suppose I for a while did go,
And left you here alone,
'Twas but to try your constancy,
Whether you was my own.

O the Heath, the bonny bonny Heath!
On which the Broom doth spring;
Where the Lark and the Thrush in ev'
bush,

All around are heard to sing.
For by the grief and moan you make,
Convinc'd I am you're true,
Then now you to my arms I'll take,
For none I love but you,
Your constancy by this I've try'd,
Your love I find sincere;
No more I'll wander from the side
From thee I love so dear.

O the Heath, &c.

I'll tune my pipe as usually,
Your grief now lay aside;
Tomorrow I'll to church with thee,
There make thee my lawful bride.